



## The carvings in the oak tree



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### Chapter 1 by Story Wars

I wake up at 5 am, like every morning for the last five years.

I quietly lift myself out of bed, praying for my mother not wake up. I shut the bedroom door quietly behind me. I slip on my boots and my coat, and head outside. The cold wind nibbles my nose as soon as I step out.

I lift myself over the small fence. Now I'm alone. Just me and the forest.

I walk north, until I find my usual spot. A dried up raspberry bush against an old oak tree, with a beautiful view of the valley.

My father carved my initials into the bark a long time ago. His are barely visible.

My father died in the war, July 21st, 2263, five years ago. That date is carved into my mind. At night, he haunts me in my nightmares. The nightmares I can never get away from. No matter how hard I try. I was only ten.

I guess that makes me 15. My name is Katelyn. I don't have a family name. Ever since the war, they've been replace by numbers, to keep track. Mine is '94702'. Nice, right.

The only person I trust is Aiden. He's my best friend, and technically my only friend. He has dark hair, almost black and green eyes. He is a little pale, and tall. He's pretty muscular.

As I keep saying to myself, I don't deserve him. I mean, he's always helping people, hunting for the village, that kind of stuff. I'm just a scared and timid.

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Oh, yeah... We have tracking devices. They implant one into every citizen over the age of four. They probably know where I am right now.

If you don't show up, you will receive a shock that numbs your whole body, and then you'll get a fine of fifty dollars. In my case, fifty is too much to waist on being stupid.

I sit on a tree stump, and gaze at the sunrise. Every time I do, I feel like a piece of my heart disintegrates. We used to this together, me and my father. A snapping of a twig brusquely wakes me from my daydreaming. I dart for a bush, but a arm holds me back.

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